

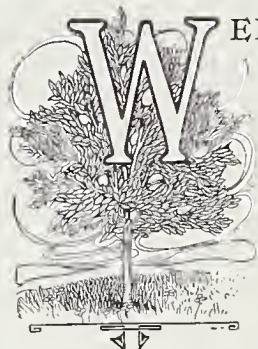
OUR OWN HALL OF FAME



"A FRESH MEMORIAL, AS EACH YEAR
NEW LIFE AND BUDS AND LEAVES APPEAR,
A LIVING MONUMENTAL TREE
TRUE TYPE OF IMMORTALITY."

*Presented to the children of Newark by the Board of Education and the
Shade Tree Division, Department of Parks and Public Property,
John F. Monahan, Director. Compiled by Carl Bannwart,
Superintendent of the Shade Tree Division.*

ARBOR DAY, 1921



WELCOME TO ARBOR DAY AND MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF IT TO THE CHILDREN OF NEWARK! The Shade Tree Division only wishes that the boys and girls would make every day an Arbor Day. Why not plant a birthday tree for yourself each year, if not on your own street, on some other where the children will be happier for seeing it grow? Make the year one long Arbor Day all the way through; Spring for planting young trees; Summer for watering them, feeding them and keeping them free from insects, and Winter for guarding them and learning to take the best of care of them when they waken again in the Spring. Try to find out what the little sign means which you will see on many of the trees: "THIS TREE IS A FRIEND TO ALL CHILDREN. BE ITS FRIEND." Then join hands with us around each tree in Newark and wish it "A Long Life!" "A Useful Life!" "A Happy Life."

WE introduced the Tulip tree pictured on the first page to the children of Newark in nineteen hundred twelve. It is eighty-one years old and probably our tallest tree. The circumference, three feet above the base, is eleven feet six inches, the height ninety feet. You will find it on Ridge Street, north of Abington Avenue. Watch for the beautiful tulips that come on its upper branches in April, hence the name. "I have seen many wooden preachers but never one like this one."

Susan and Hetta Ward saved this tree in 1878.





Black Walnut, Doane Park

THIS tree witnessed many stirring historic events in the career of Newark. When it was twenty-six years old General Washington passed by with his army of three thousand patriots. It was one hundred eleven years young when Abraham Lincoln passed through the city and the tocsin of the Civil War was sounded. It survived the speeding years till came the momentous war year, 1917. Newark again gave her men and money, "that Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

And the Black Walnut of Doane Park looked on, and "saw that it was good." Then it seemed to say, "It is enough. Let me go hence and be gathered to my fathers."



Colonial Plane

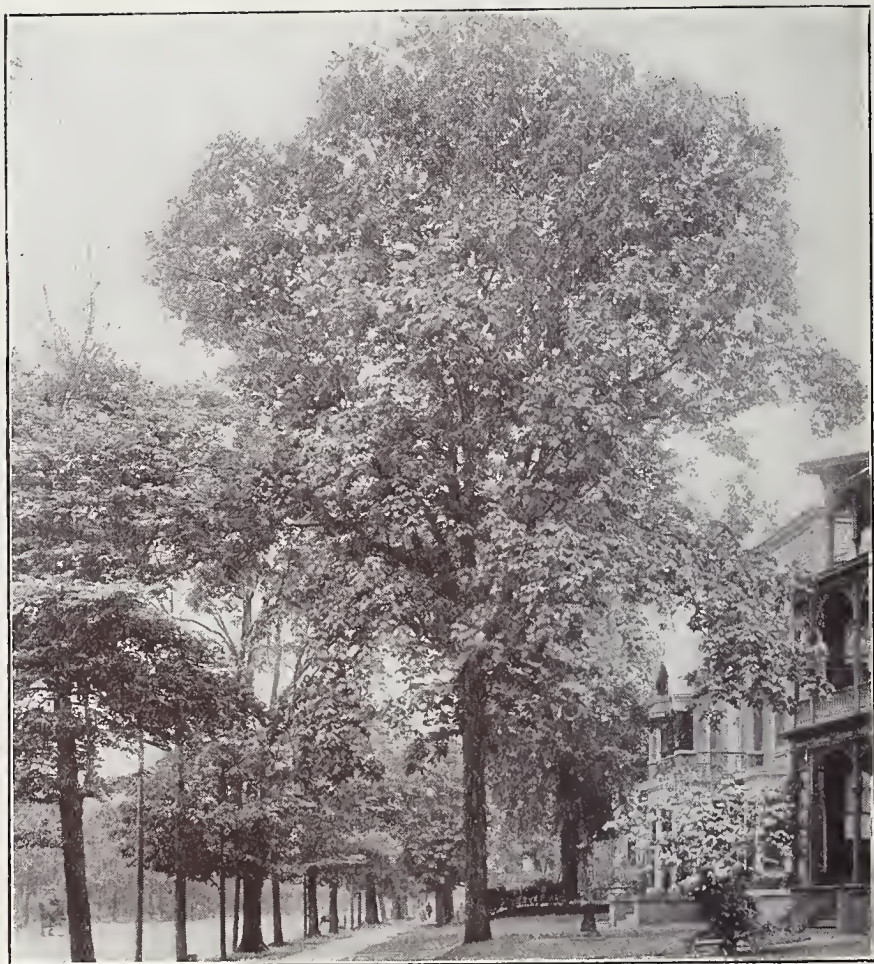
FROM its green and growing tower this tree has seen a quiet village develop into a big and bustling city—the fourteenth largest city of America. Beneath its spreading boughs we believe it saw go struggling by the war-worn patriot army, the tattered, famished, battered, but still right undismayed and fighting Continentals, Washington in command, with Lafayette for co-adjutor. The older Broad Street trees and those in Military Park looked upon Lincoln and Grant, on Kossuth, Sherman and Sheridan.

This is an invitation to some one to place a suitable bronze tablet upon it and tell the passing thousands of its antiquity. Who will start the movement?



Municipal Christmas Tree, 1920

WOULD you know your friend on the other page in its fairy dress? It's our same Colonial plane attaining new distinction during Christmas week. The Civic Celebrations Committee selected it for the important mission of Municipal Christmas Tree. It was decorated with 1500 lights and a thousand yards of laurel roping and shone forth upon each evening during Christmas week. When the search light was turned upon it, it stood out from the surrounding darkness of the park like a tree out of Fairyland, every twig and branch glistening white.



The Jackson Hickory

THIS is the Shagbark Hickory, ninety-five Clinton avenue, planted in the year 1828. Hickory trees were set out all over the country when Andrew Jackson ran for President, because he was called "Old Hickory." This fine specimen hailed the Eighteenth, spanned the Nineteenth, and continues its growth in the Twentieth Century. "Trees are silent sentinels, that never desert their post, till death or violence calls or drives them away. They are friends, protectors, and teachers; they lead us naturally by their innocent, lofty beauty, to 'look through Nature up to Nature's God' ".— *Will Carlton*.



Academy Plane

THIS tree probably witnessed the burning of the first Newark Academy, January 25, 1780. A British raiding party crossed from New York on the ice and surprised the town. Look for it in Washington Park opposite Halsey Street.

I wonder if a one-time resident of Newark had our trees in mind when he said, "As the leaves of trees are said to absorb noxious qualities of the air, and to breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid, and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy." — *Washington Irving*.



The Napoleon Willow

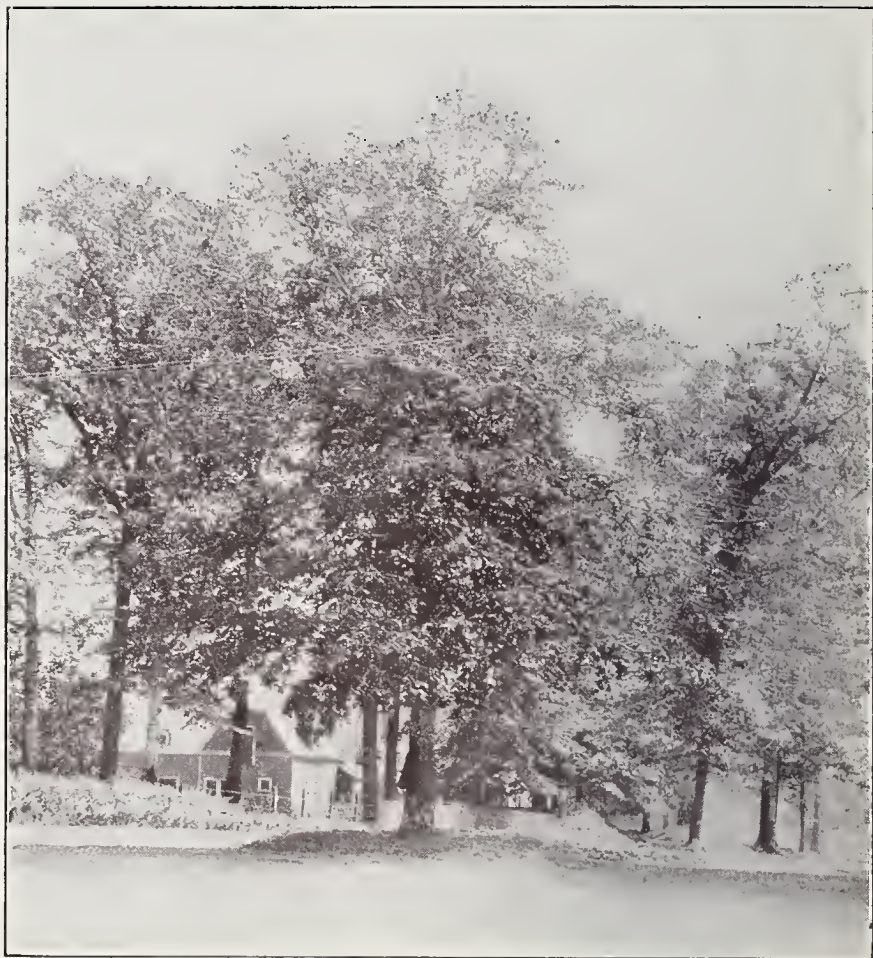
THE tree that traveled "half the world around" to adorn one of the parks of Newark is this Willow. It was brought here as a cutting from the Willow tree growing by the tomb of Napoleon on the island of St. Helena. This tree is in point of distinction the archbishop of this green diocese of Phillips Park.



A Veteran Elm—Military Park

“**W**HAT makes a first-class elm? Why, size, in the first place and chiefly. Anything over twenty feet of clear girth, five feet from the ground, and with a spread of branches a hundred feet across, may claim that title.” Oliver Wendell Holmes also writes: “Nobody knows New England who is not on terms of intimacy with one of its elms. That tree comes nearer to having a soul than any other vegetable creature among us.”

The Misses Sarah and Caroline Condict saved this tree about twenty years ago. The fine old tree has repaid the service a thousand-fold in the beneficent shade it has bestowed with kingly largess upon all the passing throng.



Survivals of Camp Freylinghuysen, Roseville and Fourth Avenues

"IN 1862, WAS ORGANIZED CAMP FRELINGHUYSEN TO SERVE AS RENDEZVOUS AND DRILL GROUND FOR VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS OF THE STATE.

"IT LAY WITHIN THE TRACT BOUNDED BY THE MORRIS CANAL, ORANGE STREET, ROSEVILLE AND BLOOMFIELD AVENUES.

"TO COMMEMORATE THE PATRIOTISM OF THE MEN OF NEW JERSEY, WHO MARCHED FROM THAT PLACE TO PERFORM, FAITHFULLY AND GLORIOUSLY, THEIR PART IN THE CIVIL WAR, THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED MAY 30, 1912, BY STUDENTS OF BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL.

"MEN FROM THESE REGIMENTS LIE BURIED ON EVERY IMPORTANT BATTLEFIELD FROM ANTIETAM TO APPOMATTOX."

(Inscription on tablet erected in Branch Brook Park by High School Pupils)



The Centennial Linden

IT was planted, on the Parker Street side of 60 Abington Avenue, five and forty years ago, as one of the ceremonies of the centennial year of our Independence. To-day it stands in its maturity, 65 feet high with a spread of 45 feet, a perfect tree, and a living monument to the Declaration. Happy the man who can hear "tongues in trees and sermons in stones." Such a man can hear this tree unfold a moving and majestic tale.

Acknowledgements are due the following artists of camera and crayon: J. M. Rosè (drawing for p. 1), R. Atwood (p. 4), Drew Peters (p. 5), Katherine S. Nicholson (p. 8), Reuben Azhderian (p. 14), J. K. Hillers—the rest.



The Vanderpool Memorial Oak

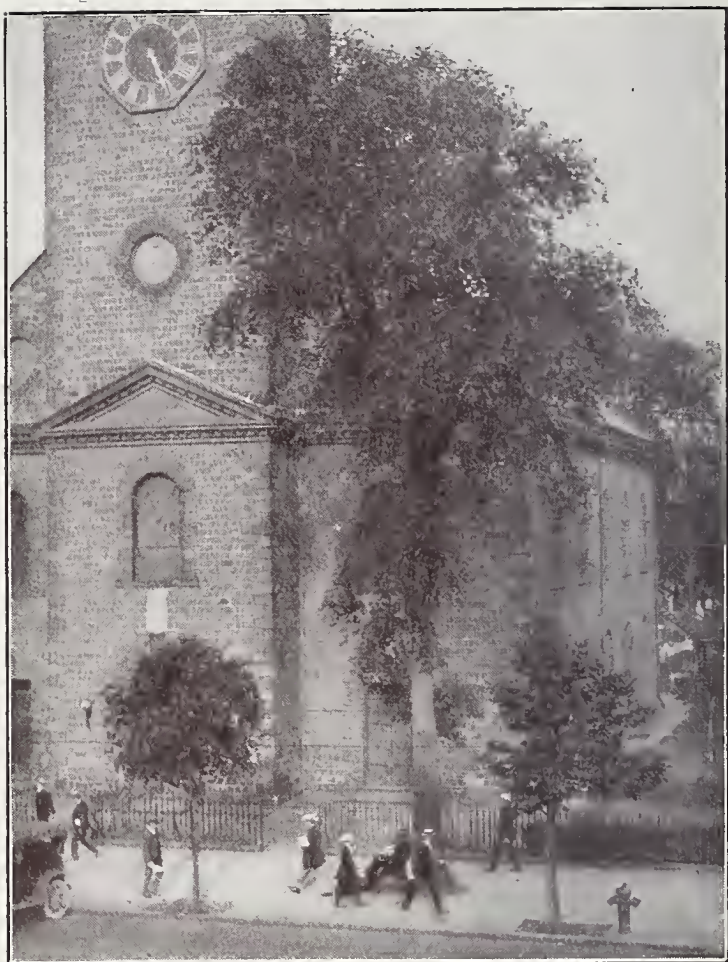
PLANTED in Branch Brook Park, near Clifton and Eighth Avenues, in nineteen hundred and three. Mr. Vanderpool was a member of the first Essex County Park Commission and did much toward the creation of our great park system.

Of the trees herein pictured, three have lately departed this earthly scene. Black Walnut (p. 3), Bulletin Elm (p. 14), "Big" Elm (p. 15). As a token of our appreciation we tender them this graceful farewell. Three, centenarians now and still flourishing, are Colonial Plane (p. 4), Jackson Hickory (p. 6), Academy Plane (p. 7). Two are in touching distance of the century mark, viz: Tulip (p. 1), Elm (p. 9). The others, mere youngsters, range in years from fourteen to sixty, viz: Napoleon (p. 8), Survivals (p. 10). Centennial (p. 11), Vanderpool (p. 12), Doane (p. 13).



The Monsignor Doane Memorial Oak, Lincoln Park

THE youngest member of this gallery of historic trees stands before you. It was set out in 1907 in memory of Monsignor George W. Doane whose statue is north of Trinity Church. Monsignor Doane's distinguished services on behalf of everything that made for the betterment of Newark—Parks, Art Museums and Trees of Righteousness—endeared him to all his fellow-citizens. The photograph was taken in 1912. The tree is much better looking now. May it bestow its kindly shade upon many generations of Newarkers and grace the Arbor Day leaflet as a sturdy tree one hundred years hence.



The Bulletin Elm, First Presbyterian Church

HERE, on ever busy Broad Street, within hailing distance of the ever-crowded Four Corners; here, 'mid the roar of industries and the tumult of much traffic just here was a bit of beauty and of peace that laid a spell on all the scene of hurly-burly. That fine uptowering Elm, stood in the very centre of the walk; flanking it was a row of younger trees; back of it the stately lines of the olden church, with its gardened yard greening in the light. The fine old sidewalk Elm stood up above the tide of life that streamed beneath it, a beacon of cheer and an omen of good to all that passed that way.

The public legal notices were posted upon this tree for many decades. The tree was removed in 1920.



The Big Tree, Belleville

IT was a thing of beauty, not only in the sweet days of summer when it "shook its green leaves in the breeze," but even in winter as it spread abroad its bared, leafless boughs to the music of the gale, there was majesty to it and a grace of outline, such as gave one joy to look upon.

The Tree Of My Life

My life is like a sturdy tree deep-grounded in God's care,
And nourished well and made to grow by earnest, trusting prayer.

The roots are cords of reverent love and hold me firm for aye;
The trunk, undying faith that grows more strong from day to day.

The branches are the thoughts I think; the leaves, the words I speak;
The blossoms are intents to do, however frail and weak.

As by its fruit the tree is known, so will my life be, too;
And when my life is growing right, my deeds are kind and true.

—*Harriette Wilbur.*

Your Historic Tree

THE most historic tree for you is the one in front of your home. It may be only a sapling but it is the representative of a sturdy race that has been upon the earth one thousand times as long as man.

Among the noblest things of Creation, the things which have a dignity and meaning of their own, the things which to thoughtful eyes are living parables of great ideas, I would name the trees. They are almost like living persons in their rare companionship, in their familiar outline, in their voice when the wind speaks through them, in their growth and change from year to year.

Your tree looks like an old friend upon the current of human life which ebbs and flows about his roots. He hears lovers' vows registered and shelters lovers' partings; he rejoices in your weddings and shares your griefs in sympathetic silence.

These neighbor trees see gentle deeds of mercy wrought within shadow of their rustling leaves. They hear your bitter quarrels and long for your repentance. Before the dignity, the silence, the age of these trees human life takes on the insignificance of a dream and human discontent sinks away abashed, and one trusts child-like the power that keeps them ever beautiful from youth to age.

If then the tree bestows its wealth of green verdure upon you unstintedly, you ought to help the trees whenever you can. Two birds sat on a tree; one said, "I love you," the other said, "Show it." That's it. SHOW your love for the trees by maintaining a large area of open ground at the base and keeping this ground loosened throughout the growing season. This simple service ensures air, water and food for the tree.

We need the co-operation of every right-minded boy and girl. Therefore let us have "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together" to protect our trees, every one of them, and to see them well started upon their century run.

CARL BANNWART.